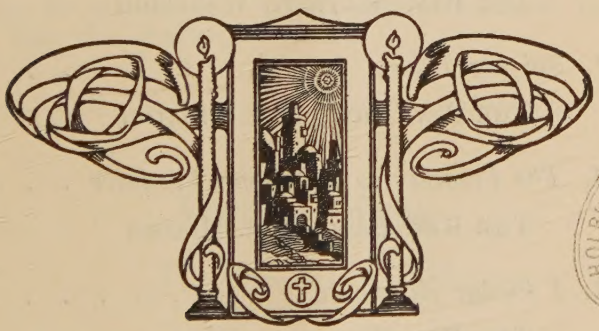
The MINISTER'S QUARTERLY

Continuing The Seminar Quarterly

VOLUME X: No. 4 NOVEMBER, 1954

Issued in the Interest of Christian Worship and Preaching



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The Rev. Gaius Glenn Atkins
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Published quarterly by
THE DEPARTMENT OF THE MINISTRY
OF THE CONGREGATIONAL CHRISTIAN CHURCHES
287 Fourth Avenue New York 10, N. Y.

SINGLE COPIES 25 CENTS. ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION ONE DOLLAR per year

Entered as second-class matter March 2, 1945, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under Act of March 3, 1879

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All communications relating to subscriptions should be addressed to the office of The General Council, Room 915, 287 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

All contributions (typewritten where possible) should be addressed to the Editor: Dr. G. G. Atkins, with stamped envelope for return in case of non-acceptance. Till further notice address all communications to Editor c/o Council office.

ATTENTION BROTHER MINISTER!

STARTING with the February issue of THE MINISTER'S QUARTERLY a new policy is to be followed.

First: The subscription price will be $1.00 per year, or 25¢ per single copy. The need for this subscription rate is obvious. The 50¢ per year rate has stood for fifteen years despite all rising costs; and the difficulty of mailing in a 50¢ piece has caused many ministers to fail to send in even this "token" subscription price.

We believe that more men will gladly subscribe $1.00 than found it convenient to mail in 50¢, and the amount received will materially decrease the $3,000.00 per year subsidy by which you have received THE MINISTER'S QUARTERLY up to this present issue.

Second: A committee of the Commission on the Ministry has just been appointed to seek the counsel of all Congregational Christian ministers concerning ways of making THE MINISTER'S QUARTERLY a magazine that you will consider of indispensable personal professional helpfulness.

It was adequate once for the QUARTERLY to be "issued in the interest of Christian Worship and Preaching." We believe that it is time to redefine the scope of personal and professional interests to be served through THE MINISTER'S QUARTERLY.

With the assurance that the Editor's columns will still be with us—

Please use the enclosed card to send in your $1.00 for your 1955 subscription to THE MINISTER'S QUARTERLY.

Second Sight

The Rev. Percy Ladd
Burlington, Vt.

OIL wells may be redug, and silver mines reopened. So good books may be reread, especially after a lapse of years. Second sight often permits new insights. This is the pleasing experience my wife and I have had of late, as we have come to a new appreciation of some of the greater books of our youth.

First there was "The Iliad." We had, of course, made an adolescent acquaintance with it but getting little farther than to know the difference between Homeric and Attic forms, and the ability to scan the verse. Later we had read it in translations much more epic than our own, but we had found it frankly disappointing. It seemed so sophomoric, full of sound and fury, signifying little but war and battle. The air seemed full of huge rocks, clashing on armor, bearing warriors to bloody earth. The issue of events was not in the strength of men but in the intervention of the gods. Agamemnon was not kingly, nor Ulysses respectable, nor Achilles noble. All told it was something of a bore.

Then we lighted on Cowper's translation. Eureka! Here was beauty. Here was spirit. He had the key to true trans-

lation—to recapture the spirit of the original, and express it in English terms. At his touch the too human figures came to life as living men. When we read the harangues of battle, we did not wonder that Hickman recited them to his Yale charges between the halves! We understood why it was that Minerva was said to inspire the words of Ulysses. We saw revealed the wide sweeping of the soul of the poet, his generous spirit, his hatred of war for its unreason, cruelty and pitiful tragedy. We ceased to wonder why the poem has retained its primacy through one civilization after another, and we joined in the universal reverence.

Then came Huckleberry Finn! Years before knowing that it was a classic, we had tasted it, but had quickly wearied of it. "Why the rating?" Hannibal, the river town of mud, false fronts and dust, Tom Sawyer, the three-in-one boy much too clever, Huck Finn, the river rat, it was all simply too unesthetic. The raft, with its freight of Huck and Jim—we lost interest before we came to their real adventures.

But last winter we took it up again, and hardly laid it down till we had said a regretful farewell to the boy who had found civilization so "sivilized" that he must needs forsake it for the opening West. How we had enjoyed him, his naturalness, his amazing bouts with the truth, his encounters with the two scamps, the "duke" and the "king," his gliding down the Father of Waters like the ocean of time itself, the grand climax of the runaway slave in the deep South, the dialect, the eternal heart of the boy. It was another excursion into the soul of man. Minor notes attracted us as well, sidelights on pre-Civil War history, as when Huck feels that he is to be damned forever because he is conniving at the escape of a slave! What a distillation of the essence of race, Huck's naive revelation that Jim the slave felt as badly as a white man at leaving his wife and children, when they were sold apart. Again we ceased to be isolated in our judgment, but bowed in agreement with the universal verdict upon the boy and his story.

I

So it was, though in a different way, with the Vision of Dante. Years before we had read it, and stood in awe, first in Cary's translation, then in Charles Eliot Norton's prose. We had even translated a few canons ourselves! We had shared what we assumed was Dante's satisfaction in consigning his enemies to Hell. We had chuckled at the skill with which he "let the punishment fit the crime," putting the violent unrepentant under showers of flaming darts, the flatterers into sloughs of filth, and the scandalmongers into the torture of having their limbs torn apart as they had killed men's good names on earth. We became weary, however, of the medieval theology and the outdated philosophy, and we were amused at the mystical romanticism of the flight in Paradise.

Then we reread it, in White's translation, with second sight. As before, we felt that Dante gave the sinner his due, and saw in certain circles men who today might take especial warning, for example, the prophets of tomorrow (news commentators take notice!) who were condemned to have their faces turned behind them and to walk not forward, but to the rear. We had more pity too for those who were in suffering, endless or in temporary purgation. We were touched by many of the poet's insights, as his placing a river of forgetfulness at the crest of the mount of purification. But most of all the majesty of Dante stood revealed to us. It was not from wrath that he had dipped his pen in vitriol, but as a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, as a patriot torn with pain for Italy's woes, as a churchman suffering for the iniquities which two centuries later were to rend the Church in twain, as a man of vast scope, embracing all that was said and thought at the height of the Middle Ages, phi-

losopher, theologian, statesman, but most of all as a spiritual genius who could ascend from one heaven to another, a mystic of mystics, to the very throne of God, world after world all charged with love, illuminated with light.

Some would say that it is but a step from Paradise to Vermont, and to those who love the little state Rowland E. Robinson is one of its word artists. Not that my wife and I had had him in this esteem at first reading, for we found his word sketches trivial and light. True, they were amusing in spots, and we had laughed to the stage of pain at certain cautious paragraphs of Joseph Hill. But this spring we read some of the volumes which paint the triangle formed by Lincoln, Vergennes and Ferrisburg of a century and more ago, and came to a different mind. What faithful pictures of nature, with her tumbling streams and trout pools, her chatter of squirrels, and morning songs of robins, her moonlight on the crust and rabbit tracks in the snow. What artless but true drawing of the characters of the denizens of the mountain village who gathered of an evening in Uncle Lisha's shoeshop, a symposium of varied types—"Peltier" who at twenty had never travelled an equal mileage from his home, Sam Lovel the hunter, Solon the village Malaprop, Antoine its Munchausen, Josiah Hill the Revolutionary veteran, for whom the clock had stopped at Bennington, and Uncle Lisha the Socrates of them all. With what deft strokes he set the rural scene before us. Nor is there wanting a thread of story in the sketches. What could be more delicate than the broken courtship of Sam and Huldah, mended again as Sam found the little sister in the woods. And then we found the key to the writing—the author himself and his early life as an illustrator in the great city, returning to his homeplace in the wide valley of Champlain, to resume his drawing not with crayon but with words as he reproduced through years of blindness the sights and sounds he had registered in eye and ear through observant and eager youth.

II

Our latest re-view is "Paradise Lost." Of course we had read it in English classes, and as a classic of Protestant Seventeenth Century thought. We had honored the evident genius of the master. True, his symbols all had the aroma of the study and his classic molds. No doubt at all of the tremendous scope of his imagination and the exaltation of his theme. But it had seemed to us the sublime overleaping itself and falling on the side of the absurd. To take a page from Scripture and a "myth" no single part of which is literally true, and expound it on heroic canvas—it was too much for reason and art alike. It left us cold, cold and amused. We agreed with Taine in his ridicule—Adam and Eve as English gentry, talking like Puritan theologians. Milton's portrayal of Heaven and Heavenly figures all smacked of the political framework of the days of Louis XIV, the days of royal absolutism.

But as we have reread the poem our mood has changed. We feel the same about the artificiality of the theme as a subject for epic, and about the political and theological setting of the thought. But we are now more ready to acknowledge the surpassing genius of Milton and the zenith elevation of his power. Especially are we free to recognize the fitness of the "myth" which is his theme. For it expresses the agelong feeling that in the golden past, there was a time when man was happy and content; that it was before he had sinned; that his sin was his disobedience to God's will; that from it have flowed the ills he now is heir to; but that God in infinite love and mercy has sent a Savior to rescue us from our predicament. Conscious of the "tears of things" more than in the days of our youth, we are more willing to prize the poem all so unreal, because it is true to the things we feel.

The Moderator of the International Congregational Council Visits Sweden and Holland

Dr. S. Maurice Watts
London, England

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THE last of my Moderatorial visits this summer was to the Remonstrant Brotherhood in Holland. The Brotherhood is a member of the International Congregational Council and plays a full part in its activities.

* * *

First, a little history. The Remonstrants belong to the family of the Reformed Church, but their separate existence came about in this wise. The Calvinist Reformation came to Holland from the South, and in 1568 the Dutch Reformed Church was founded. That Church is still the largest in Holland, though it should be noted that the Roman Catholic Church now claims 36 per cent of the citizens. There were some who could not accept the extremes of Calvinist doctrine. Arminius, the famous professor of divinity in Leyden, protested against the teaching of a double predestination, and in 1610 his friends presented a Remonstrance to the States of Holland. The Remonstrance expressed the view that God had not predestined a limited number of people to salvation, but that Jesus Christ by His death revealed the grace of God for all. That is how the name "Remonstrant" came to be. Their views were condemned by the Synod of Dort in 1619, and consequently the Remonstrant Brotherhood was formed.

* * *

The Remonstrants now have a little over forty congregations, with 50 ministers and about 22,000 members. There is a much larger constituency, and the much abused phrase, "Their influence is much greater than their numbers," is certainly true of the Remonstrants.

* * *

The Church government is much the same as our own. Each congregation is independent, it elects its own ministers and officers, and governs its own affairs. There is a General Assembly which meets once a year. In the large cities, Amsterdam and The Hague, there are five ministers who share the work of two existing churches and one in process of formation in each place. Seeing that there is only one service on Sundays, there might appear some attraction for the over-sermonizing English minister; but the Dutch minister also takes regular weekly classes for children and young people and gives courses of lectures for adults. There is a seminary, begun by Episcopius in Leyden in 1634, where ministers are trained. The ministry is open to women, who now form about one-fourth of the total of ministers. There is a Moderator who is called "the minister at large," and the Dutch churches have been nobly served by Dominie Kleijn (the ministers are called Dominie), who is now retiring.

* * *

Theologically, the Remonstrants call themselves Liberal, whatever that may

mean. I quote from their Declaration of Faith, which is not a creed to which ministers and members must subscribe, but which states the things that are commonly believed:

We believe in the Holy and Almighty God, our Creator and our Lord, whose wisdom is beyond all understanding, who passes judgment on all things. He is righteous and merciful, our Heavenly Father, whose love encompasses all beings; the Source of all goodness.

We believe in Jesus Christ, image of God's Holy Being and revelation of His grace. He came for us all and He died for us all. He opens our hearts to God's eternal love, which forgives and reconciles. He summons us to labour and to strive in the victorious sign of the Cross, and is to man and mankind the Way, the Truth and the Life.

We believe in God's Holy Spirit, which guides into all Truth and descends inspiringly on us, so that in the freedom of the Spirit and in love to each other we unite in the worship and the holy service of God.

We believe in the Communion of Saints, in which the Church of Christ is rooted, which is one in all its diversity. As a witness of Christ on earth the Church has the sacred task of preaching the Gospel and of leading souls in the way everlasting.

We believe in the Kingdom of God, which is and shall come by the will and power of God. This Kingdom is manifest wherever Christ rules in our hearts, and it shall come in its fullness when Christ shall be victorious.

* * *

My wife and I spent two Sundays in Remonstrant churches, and visited and spoke with two other congregations. One Sunday we spent at Eindhoven. We saw how the Church is holding its own in a Catholic country, and also in an industrial city, for here the electrical firm of Phillips employs 30,000 people. Here we were taken to see the manse where Van Gogh lived and worked: he was a son of a Remonstrant dominie. This church at Eindhoven is now ministered to by a firm friend of the International Council, Dominie De Kievid. The service is very smiple. The Dominie comes in while the first hymn is sung (seated). He is led by the senior deacon, who shakes hands at the foot of the pulpit stairs. The minister wears Geneva robes, with velvet collar and facings, wing collar and wide bands. The members of the church council, who have special seats and who take the collection, wear morning dress. There is no Communion table, but one is brought in for the Communion service twice a year. There are candles on the walls which are used at festivals.

* * *

We worshipped in the beautiful new church in Amsterdam, and we noticed opposite to us four young women and two young men dressed in black. In answer to a whispered inquiry we were told that they share the practical work of the church, and because they were to take the collection they wore black. There was no choir, yet the singing was good. We were told that the choir sings only on festival occasions, and then it is placed at the rear of the pulpit behind curtains and is not seen by the congregation. I make no comment, most hymns are sung sitting; the prayers are very short; the sermon very long.

* * *

The churches keep the Christian year, but with differences. The Sunday before Advent is reckoned as the last Sunday of the Christian Year, and it is observed as Dodenherd, the Day of the Dead, or All Saints. In that way there is no danger of confusion with the Roman All Souls. At the end of this day the Bible is ceremonially closed; it is opened again the following Sunday, Advent, the beginning of a new Church year.

* * *

I was glad of the opportunity of meeting the Amsterdam Church Council in the old church of the city. This is one of the sights that should not be missed by any Congregational visitor to Amsterdam. It was built on the Keizergracht in 1640, at the time when Remonstrant churches had to be hidden away from the public eye. It still looks like one of the many warehouses. I must give the number or it might not be found: Keizergracht 100. Within is a long, wide space, and at the end the entrance to the church. It is a very large church and has not been altered at all. It has a magnificent carved pulpit behind which is a very ornate organ. In the Council Room is a wonderful collection of paintings, some by Rembrandt. They depict Arminius, Episcopius, and other historic leaders of the Church. We also met the Church Council of The Hague. Here we were introduced by Dr. Heering, himself a very interested party in the I.C.C., whose father was a distinguished head of the Seminary in Leyden, some of whose writings should be made available to English readers. The total congregation in The Hague numbers 3000, and the central church, where we met, holds 1200. We had very lengthy discussion, and there was much inquiry about the work of the L.M.S. The Remonstrants themselves have no missionary work, but I found evidence of a desire to take a share. They eagerly participate in all works like the World Council of Churches, but that is not the same thing as direct missionary service.

* * *

We came away with memories of gracious hospitality, with thankfulness for a Church which has preserved its independence through the centuries, with respect for the high intellectual quality of this community, and with a sense that this Brotherhood will stretch out its hands to bring people of other nations to know the warmth of Christian brotherhood.

* * *

THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH OF SWEDEN: that is the second name which is used by the Svenska Missionförbundet; in English "The Swedish Mission Covenant Church." The Church is not yet officially a member of the International Congregational Council, but there is a very close relationship, with much coming and going of groups of people from one country to the other. I have just paid a Moderatorial visit to the General Conference in Stockholm, and a description of it may be of interest. I also visited churches in several towns, and later I should like to give some impression of their life and work.

* * *

The Church is really a product of a great revival in the eighteen-seventies. Those who led the movement were troubled by the deadness of the national Lutheran Church, and decided to form a Brotherhood of their own. The new Church grew rapidly and is still growing vigorously. There are 105,000 members, making it the largest Free Church in Sweden. I have read in a guide-book that 99 per cent of the population of Sweden belongs to the National Church (Lutheran). That figure must be received with caution. Until recently, all citizens were members of the Lutheran Church by birth, and paid the Church tax. Only atheists, Jews and Roman Catholics could contract out. There were only about 3000 Catholics in the country, but the number has lately increased by the coming of refugees; there are still only four churches. Now any citizen may contract out, but few bother to do so. Hence the members of the Free Churches are reckoned as belonging to the State Church.

* * *

I had the privilege of preaching at the opening service of the Assembly in Andreas Kirche. The welcome was quite overwhelming, for all the vast congregation stood while Dr. Wennfors made a speech. The sermon was, of course, in

English, interpreted sentence by sentence by Dr. Rydberg, Professor of English in the Mission college . We took forty minutes between us. A second sermon by a Swedish pastor followed, so that the Assembly had an ample beginning.

* * *

The main conference was held in Emmanuel Church, the principal place of worship of the Covenant Church in Stockholm. It is an impressive building seating 2000 people, and it was packed all the time. English Congregationalists might wonder at the appearance of this beautiful church. The Communion table is called the altar, though I think that has no theological significance. On the table candles are burning. Above the altar, and stretching right across the church, are pictures of religious scenes. Above all was a large cross. That sort of thing we found in the Congregational churches everywhere, and I suppose it is a result of the universal Lutheran tradition and atmosphere.

* * *

The Assembly began with an address by the Director, who is the chief official. The address was purely devotional, and one felt the tremendous grip of Mr. Gustafsson on all the Church. Mr. Gustafsson retires this year and will be succeeded by Mr. Larssen who is now in charge of Home Missions and who in turn will be succeeded by Mr. Nick Passen, at present secretary of the Foreign Mission. It will be understood that all the work of the Church, including foreign missions, the college and schools, is under the direction of the Assembly. I did not stay long at the business sessions because of the language difficulty, but I was deeply moved when a proposal was made and unanimously adopted that a love-gift of 10,000 Swedish crowns (£700) should be sent to the L.M.S. through the International Congregational Council.

* * *

I studied the financial reports (with some help) and I was astonished to learn that the income of the Church received at Headquarters was 26 million Kronen for the year. (You get 14.45 crowns for a pound.) True, this sum includes giving to the missionary work, to the training college and other work, but it is an astonishing amount for a Church of this size.

* * *

There is much more centralization in this Church than we are accustomed to; and we may not agree with it all. For instance, I attended an ordination service on the second day of the conference. This was a most formal occasion, with all the participants wearing clerical frock-coats and either a clerical collar or a wing collar with white dress tie. The candles were alight on the altar, and the service began with a procession of the Officers of the Church, the Superintendents (who perform the functions of our Moderators; there are sixteen of them) and twenty-one young men, all formally arrayed for their ordination. There was singing by a choir of pastors, forty of whom are shortly to go for a three months' singing tour in the United States. There was a sermon, and a remembrance of ministers deceased during the year, and then the induction of new Officers and Superintendents. Thereafter the candidates stood before Mr. Gustafsson the Director, who addressed them. He asked them some questions which they answered together. The young men knelt: the Officers and Superintendents stood in front of them: all hands were laid on the heads of the young men while a prayer was said. Each then received a Bible; and as they all turned round, the great congregation rose. The Assembly was asked whether they would accept these young men, and with one resounding voice they answered "JA." For the first two years these new ministers are appointed to small churches by the Mission Board, and work under the direct supervision of the District

Superintendent. After that, they may choose a church for themselves. It was a wonderfully impressive service, and it was great joy to see the glowing faces of these men as they received bouquets and congratulations from their friends.

* * *

I visited the Church offices, and I was greatly surprised at the size of the accommodation and the number of officials. There are, for instance, six full-time secretaries for work among children and youth. There is accommodation for printing and publishing a large weekly paper with a circulation of over 40,000. Six men are kept packing supplies for the churches — books, guitars (each church has a band which plays at the evening service), statues of Christ, crosses and crucifixes. The organization seemed to me to be superb.

* * *

I came away with the impression of a Church supremely well-led, bursting with enthusiasm, filled with evangelistic zeal—and very, very kind to foreign brethren.

The Ministry of the Cross

The Rev. Fletcher Parker
Hartford, Conn.

WE are all engaged in a common enterprise. Several of you have been at it longer than I. Many of you have had both wider and deeper experiences. Perhaps there may be mutual values in thinking of them together. Often when things are rough it is a comfort to remind ourselves that we are followers of him who had not where to lay his head, and that finally his sacred head sagged in dying agony from a cross. Most of us sleep in comfortable beds, and crucifixion is not an up-to-date method of punishment for disturbers of the peace. Yet there are few of us who have not had at least dim little glimpses of the meaning of the cross. All human beings at some time suffer. Sometimes it is physical pain, sometimes it is worry, often it is disappointment and disillusion. Occasionally it is sheer tragedy that is our lot. We as ministers face these ills to which all flesh is heir.

* * *

I

Of necessity, we are all priests. We conduct public worship. If we do it with a full sense of its meaning, it in itself is a terrifying experience. As little men we speak in behalf of others and ourselves to a God whom the farthest reaches of our imagination cannot compass. The same fear that was in the minds of the primitive Israelites may still be ours—the fear of seeing and talking with God. Certainly we must come with clean hearts. Then there are the funerals where we must comfort the bereaved as they face the ultimate question, "If a man die, shall he live?" Upon the sincerity of our faith will rest the strength of those who have loved and lost awhile. Then there are baptisms. If they are to escape the damnation of mere formalities we must somehow reveal to parents and others the infinite value and the boundless possibilities of a little child. Finally, there are weddings with all their potentialities of both hell and heaven.

What can we do to make them really doors into a glorious comradeship? All of these privileges carry their weight of infinite responsibility. Who is worthy? Certainly not I.

Counselling is another heavy weight upon our hearts. It runs the gamut from advising people where to find an apartment, to telling them how to discover a meaning to life. It includes the calls at the office, the visits to the sick, the conferences with the mentally disturbed, and occasionally the guidance of those who have done some horrible deed and are shattered by remorse. It begins with the loving babble of children and ends with the last words of the dying. They all want to know the way. The burden is often too great to be borne. The hungry sheep look up and are not fed. The shepherd wrings the hands of his own soul as he realizes his own limitations as he tries to see over them to the eternal truth of God.

Unfortunately we must also always be administrators. This involves such commonplace needs as proper janitorial service, landscape gardening, plumbing, heating, dishwashing, the disposal of garbage and four thousand other similar enterprises. Of course many of these duties can be carried by lay people and members of the staff. Unfortunately I am sure you have shared my experience that no matter how much natural lay leadership you may have, or how large and efficient your staff may be, still the final responsibility is yours. If there isn't money enough to run the church the minister is the first to feel its lack. If two women quarrel, the minister often finds himself in the middle. If a minister is decisive he is criticized as a dictator. If he waits for lay leadership to function he is charged with lack of executive ability. If he moves forward he creates friction, if he stands still his parish falls apart. If he consults everybody he wastes time, gets nowhere, and loses respect. If he consults the natural leaders, he becomes "their man." His is often the thankless task of seeing great opportunities lost because of the blindness of those upon whom success of any operation depends. Like Peter Marshall he takes aspirin after each church committee meeting, and wonders whether church democracy is really church democrazy.

Probably you may have seen a cover cartoon. I believe it was on the *Post*. There were four pictures: a man being "given hell" in his office, the same man returning home and making his wife miserable, the wife scolding their boy, and the boy kicking the family dog. Too often the minister is the dog. He takes it because of disappointment and frustration elsewhere. Ministers make their share of mistakes and deserve their share of blame, but often that share is far too generously given out, usually by those who are otherwise a little on the near side.

It is easy to joke about this now, but it is one of the most serious hazards of the ministry and it is the reason why so many promising boys in our churches turn their backs on the ministry. The Lord knows we have our faults, often serious ones that impede the progress of the kingdom. We deserve all the kicks we get on that score and more, but the stupid, uninformed, sometimes intrusive and vicious kicks hurt not only us but terribly damage Christ's Church by destroying its leadership both present and potential.

II

Finally, if a minister is worth listening to he must be something of a prophet. Everywhere people have itching ears. They dearly love to be complimented. Please don't misunderstand me here. Too often we complain, and too seldom do we express appreciation. People in public places need gratitude for the good they do, and they deserve it. Then too people often think of themselves *less* highly than they ought to think. Sometimes they are in needless despair over their own short comings.

More than anything else they need encouragement. They should be told how much we value them, even how much God expects of them and counts upon them. The deserved pat on the back is a Christian duty devolving upon us all. Most certainly we should not be common scolds, but people in general have a false yearning for the minister to always and forever pour out soothing syrup.

But in the long run, wise men suspect those who specialize in dishing it out. It has an oversweet flavor that smacks of falsehood. If we are to have righteousness and therefore hope, we must constantly check our ways with those of God. The minister must be a disturber of the peace and especially of that smug pseudo peace which so often destroys the power of our Christian witness. People still love the false prophets and stone those who speak for God. Of course it is possible that a minister may mistake his whim for the voice of God. There is always relativity in matters of prophecy, and we are wise if we concern ourselves only with those that are really both important and certain. Ours is not and should not be an easy task. We may wisely tell young men considering the ministry, "If you can possibly stay out of it, do so." Yet is has its worthwhile and its challenging tasks and its very real but not always tangible compensations. Barring extraordinary circumstances, we will always be poor. Large salaries are dogged by large obligations, and themselves are illusions. But, in spite of that, ministers' families have much of happiness, and ministers' children rate high by any standards. But, we must go deeply into the fundamentals of our calling if we are to continue to give it our supreme loyalty.

As priests, familiarity with sacred moments must never minimize their importance or dim their glory. When we pray, it must be no idle mouthing, nor the repetition of well turned phrases. If we pray we must actually talk with God. This does something to our attitude and incidentally affects the wording and character of our prayers. Only such prayer can ever lift people into the presence of God.

As counsellor, it is ours to remember the utter sacredness of personalities, the fact that God can change a man, and the added caution that we ourselves are fallible. In the minds of many we speak for Almighty God. A big mixture of genuine humility will add greatly to the value of our advice.

As administrators, the concern first for God's interest, secondly, for the interest of His church will save us from pettiness. We can thus gain perspective and sometimes even add a touch of humor to many an otherwise sorry picture. We can learn to wisely delegate responsibility at the same time to those who may know more about certain things than we ever can. We must learn the value of detail, because at the end of every detail is a human personality. A misspelled name is a cause of concern to its owner. An incomplete list may be a tragedy to some child, or even to a grown up, who is left out. We will be remembered for some sick call when all our sermons have been forgotten. In administration the fine art of taking pains is the most important ingredient.

No one can satisfy everybody in political life, nor in church administration. The best we can do is always to hold high standards and to give of the best we have in both physical and mental effort to "the building up of the body of Christ."

III

When it comes to prophecy, we are treading on dangerous ground. Too many ministers are glorified clipping bureaus. Occasionally the absolutely apt quotation sums up the case with finality. But in general, we ministers are well advised to use our ears more than our eyes, provided we listen not to the noise of the mob, but to the still small voice of God. Where there is no listening there is no pulpit power. This does not

mean that we must trust the advice of the ranter who assures us that all he needs to do is to open his mouth and God will fill it. It is filled, but with hot air that often has an off-scented odor. What we need is the fruits of quietness served with both taste and humility to the hungry, needy worshipper who hopes for some help to redeem his life from destruction.

Such listening will not dilute our strength nor weaken our power, but it will keep us out of the domination of the trivial and hold us at least near the realm of grandeur. It will make us objective, and at the same time assure us that we speak for God. Certainly no one who has been in the parish ministry so long, and has added a term as an executive to pastorial experience can hold out this work as an easy job. It has its bitter heartaches. It knows the kiss of Judas, as well as the experiences of the Mountain. It tastes the sour fruit of disappointment as well as the humble joys of helping a neighbor along the way. None of us has the sense of satisfaction that perfection must offer. All of us have tasted failure. Dreams haven't always come true for any of us.

Probably each of us has some pet phrase to which we turn. I have found two very helpful. One is profane and to some degree negative, but it has a value that never dims with the years. It runs like this: "Do your work each day so damn well that you can look the whole world in the face and tell it to go to hell!"

The other is that inspired word of Kipling's designed for the artist but most appropriate for the preacher:

> Only the Master shall praise,
> And only the Master shall blame,
> And no one shall work for money,
> And no one shall work for fame.
>
> But each for the joy of the working,
> And each in his separate star,
> Shall paint the thing as he sees it,
> For the God of things as they are.

Ours is a great but a costly calling. We have no right to ask that it be easy. It would be greatly helped by cooperation, but if that is denied we remember that it was to Jesus also. In a way all life is finally a tragedy. The cross made tragedy a triumph for God. Perhaps in our very little way the same privilege is ours.

Just a Simple Melody

The Rev. Allyn K. Wadleigh
Birmingham, Ala.

An Address to Organists and Ministers

I THANK you for this opportunity to speak to the annual dinner meeting of the Birmingham Organists' Guild. There is a grand text for an occasion such as this in the fifth chapter of Ephesians, the 19th verse, in which we are adjured to "address one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody to the Lord with all our hearts." Thus spoke the Christian apostle Paul.

These are tremendous and exciting times in which our lot is cast; days full of momentous events. It is a time when, whether we like it or not, the world we once knew has vanished; and another and very different one is taking shape before our eyes. And whether this is to

be the new earth in which righteousness can live, or merely another futile shambles of existence—well, that rests with simple people such as you and me.

As ministers and musicians we have an awesome responsibility; one which we cannot evade. It is our responsibility to lead people into the presence of God: to present a simple melody designed for that one purpose. Our church services and our individual Christianity rise or fall upon that one issue: the coming into the presence of God.

So I give you three notes in that simple melody: the note of praise, the note of penitence, and the note of power. May we examine each briefly?

The praise of God is one of the deepest human impulses in worship, and a note too often neglected. Paul suggests that if the trumpet gives an uncertain sound no one will go forth to war. I wonder if that may not be one of the reasons for the failure of the church today: that its trumpets are giving forth only uncertain sounds?

We have a splendid example of the note of praise in the 135th Psalm. This is a liturgical hymn prepared for rendition at one of the great festivals of Israel:

Hallelujah!
Praise the name of the Lord!
Praise the Lord, ye his servants
Who are standing in the Lord's house,
Who are in the courts of the house of our God.
Praise the Lord, for He is good!
Sing to his name, for it is pleasant.

And the canticle *Te Deum Laudamus* is another example of praise. This grand composition is partly a hymn of praise and partly a confession of faith:

We praise thee O God; we acknowledge thee to be the Lord.
All the earth doth worship Thee, the Father everlasting.
To thee all angels cry aloud, the heavens and all powers therein.

I

One of the most famous of all New England churches is King's Chapel in Boston. In the *Annals of King's Chapel* there is a provocative account of the so-called Brattle organ—"the first organ that ever pealed to the praise of God in this country."

It was imported from England in 1713 by one Thomas Brattle, an enthusiastic musician as well as a wealthy churchman. Incidentally, that is not a bad combination! Under the terms of his will the organ was left to the old Brattle Square Church. But they refused to accept it since "they did not think it proper to use the same in the public worship of God."

So the organ went to King's Chapel and was used there until 1756. Then it was sold to St. Paul's Church in Newburyport, Massachusetts, where it was in constant use for some eighty years. Today it is preserved in the parish house of St. John's Chapel in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. It was actually in use there until 1900. Now, of course, it is a museum piece, but I am told that the old wind-chest and most of the original pipes remain and some of the notes are still of unusual clarity and quality.

One line from Thomas Brattle's will intrigues me: the organ was left to the Brattle Square Church "if they shall accept thereof and within a year after my decease procure a sober person that can play skillfully thereon with a loud noise."

So, I ask you: can we not accentuate the note of praise? Can we not make a loud noise so that there will be no doubt that we are praising God?

If we would bring our people into the presence of God, we must play a penitential note; a note suggested by these lines:

Prostrate, dear Jesus, at thy feet,
A guilty rebel lies;
And upwards, to thy mercy-seat,
Presumes to lift his eyes.

We find the penitential note also in the 51st Psalm—that most heart-searching of all the psalms. Here we have an individual lament because of sin:

Create a clean heart in me, O God
And renew within me a steadfast spirit
Cast me not out from thy presence
And take not thy Holy Spirit from me.

This psalm speaks for all of us, "for we acknowledge our transgression, and our sin is ever before us." What we have in this psalm is a timeless, antiphonal voice of penitence and the assuring mercy of God.

II

If we are honest with ourselves we shall have to admit that there are times when we are out of tune with the people in the pews—the reason being that we think ourselves above the sins of our own people. There was a man once who was very successful, living in New York, who went back to the little town where he was born to see if he could find anybody he knew when he was a boy.

Finally he came upon an old town character named Hezekiah. There he was, just the same as when this New Yorker was a boy. He walked over to him and said:

"Hello, Hezekiah, you still here?"

"Yep, I'm still around."

"What are you doing these days, Hezekiah?"

"Oh, jest about the same as usual."

"Tell me, do you still pump the organ up at the little church on the hill?"

"Yep, I still do, and say, by heck, last Sunday they had a new organist, and I pumped a piece she couldn't play."

Of course, organ pumping is out of style nowadays. I don't imagine we could find a hand-pumped organ anywhere in our city. But do we sometimes become so "professional" that we can't play the tune that is being pumped? Do we sometimes get bogged down in organizational activities, in meetings and conferences and committees so that we are out of touch with our people?

Are we guilty of considering ourselves as sinless? When we take our position at the organ or in the pulpit, it would be well for us to remember these lines of an old familiar hymn:

O may my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget the mercy-seat!

III

Our third note in the simple melody is that of power. George Howard writing in *We Americans North and South* describes this event:

"We had buried [he says] the remains of an American missionary who had served forty-six years in South America. We had gathered around the open grave, and as the custom is among South American Protestants, many hymns had been sung—hymns of power and joy and confidence. As I walked out of the cemetery a brilliant young Argentine lawyer, who had been a personal friend of the deceased, overtook me. I saw that he was deeply moved. As soon as he could control his voice, he said: 'I didn't know there was a religion that helped you to sing in the presence of death. Won't you come to my office tomorrow and tell me about it?"

A religion that can enable people to sing in the presence of death! Can anything be more powerful than that? And it is our privilege to proclaim such a religion! There is no reason why our ministry—that of word and song—should not achieve visible results, provided we keep alive within us a sense of the power of the Christian religion.

Remember that every soul in the congregation has its own story of need, and that if the gospel of Jesus Christ does not meet that need nothing on this earth ever can. So aim at results: expect mighty things to happen. Realize that though the congregation be small and the choir inept—every soul is infinitely

precious to God. Never forget that Jesus Christ Himself, according to his promise, is in the midst, making the plainest and most ordinary church into the house of God and the gate of heaven.

Ah then, our preaching, our singing, our playing—which otherwise might be a dead formality and a barren routine—will become a pæan of praise, of penitence, of power. Then the simple melody of a strong, decisive Christianity will awaken the souls of men.

This final word: I read recently of a statue of the Master. It stands in Kensico Cemetery, about five miles north of White Plains, New York. It is a bronze statue of Jesus, portraying the Saviour delivering the Sermon on the Mount.

Jesus is seated on a rock. His hand is outstretched as if in benediction. His face is captivating. Behind the statue in marble bas-relief are two angels above whose heads is inscribed the text: "Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God."

The statue stands in a secluded spot, hidden from the avenue traffic by tall and dense shrubs. One enters the plot through a wrought iron gate, and proceeds to the right or left for a few yards along a curved path—and then suddenly stands in the presence of Jesus.

If the spirit of Jesus can be caught and expressed in ordinary metal, so that people beholding the statue become instinctively reverent, how much more potent must have been the impact of the spirit of the living Jesus upon the lives of men and women with whom He came into personal contact.

If a artist can so portray Jesus in lifeless metal, is there any limit to what we can do through word and song? Can we not also re-create the image of the Master?

Indeed we can! Through this simple melody of praise, of penitence, and of power—we can lead our people into God's presence. I pray God that you shall play that melody with all your hearts. I know that you will!

Shining Hearts

The Rev. Richard K. Morton

Jacksonville, Fla.

SHINING hearts and sparkling, alert minds must distinguish Christians today, in pulpit and pew, if they are to be effective disciples of their Lord.

Cogent theology, well-organized polity, active fellowship—these will not make up for lifelessness in the personal impression made or in the fellowship. The more some of us look at the current scene, the more we are impressed with the lack of drama and color and enthusiasm we find. There is often vigor and strength and breadth of program—but so few seem to be getting a real lift and sheer, exulting joy out of it all.

We need to pray the ancient prayer that God cause His face to shine upon us, that the righteous may indeed shine forth as the sun. Until we see the radiance of the face of God, we do not know the magnificent exultation of faith.

As ministers, we surely often see that people need a bit of human compassion or love even more, at a certain time, than a prayer or a passage of Scripture. They need to know tenderness and personal interest, and they need to be made to feel that someone cares about them. They want to see shining, friendly faces, faces alive with the love of God and an awakened concern for man. They often

need just a little cheer or boost more than the resolution of some complicated problem. They may not come with some grave crisis in mind or for serious counsel so much as to have their morale lifted a bit and to get out of an atmosphere of cynicism and doubt in which they may find themselves. They want to look at a smile more than at a book of instruction. They want fellowship more than ritual, and they look for someone who wants them rather than for some benefactor or leader who will show them the way out of some dark pit.

Clergyman and layman alike, it seems to me, need the testimony of Paul, in these words (2 Cor. 4:6): "For God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." The creator God of the cosmos and the eternal must become the God of the individual's little moment in the present. The same God who created must also be revealed and must care for His creatures. Our faces will shine not because we can proclaim that God created and rules, but that God is revealed and God cares and God lives in us today. Men will not find salvation in hearing that God is just and holy and in full control of His universe, and that righteousness will triumph. They must see upon our faces that the story of life and of God is in happiness. Truth must wear a smile! Righteousness must rule with soft hands. These who stumble blindly but hopefully upon the way will not be reassured by welfare agencies and by alluring programs. They will not be comforted by the sophistries of reason. They will take courage when they see a smile and that we are happy and a radiant power glows within. Theology must pour its arguments into love, and the persuasions of the moral law must be illumined by the joys of accepted sonship with the Most High. Is not real joy the best criterion of truth? Is not personal happiness and fully-awakened personality the best testimony of discipleship?

We cannot carry a message of God's redemption to our age with a sad face and a listless life of our own. The truly wise, the truly faithful are happy, and the radiance of the Eternal is upon their faces.

Putting it now in terms of a different figure of speech, our ministry, our testimony, must preach of joy and happiness and hope as of righteousness and power and judgment. Eternal truth cannot be cloaked in pessimism and doubt and coldness of heart. Those who speak of God and who seek to commend His way to this generation must be sending out constantly their arrows of adventurous and confident insight and blessing. Life must sparkle with interest and possibility and enthusiasm. If God is real to us and He has revealed Himself in Jesus Christ, does this not mean even a little enthusiasm should be generated for this amazing act on behalf of men? If we grasp the Gospel at all, we develop at once an attitude of breathless excitement. We are inexhaustibly engaged in telling about it and rejoicing over it. Faith sparkles with myriad possibilities and joys. There is a new song in our hearts. There is a new life within us. Light takes the place of darkness. We let our light now shine before men so that they, seeing our faith and our good works, will also come to glorify our Father in Heaven.

The force of this need was brought home to me as I watched a televised church service, when I was kept at home not long ago by illness. I found the service, disappointingly wooden and lifeless. The clergy went through the motions, and so did the people—and yet all that correctness and decorum and religiosity seemed to me to accomplish nothing. There was no sparkle, no lift, no joy in it all.

A working Christian, it seems to me, must be like the piece of silicon we used to use in our first radio sets. We would shift its facets, if one position failed—

and the new one often brought in the desired signal.

Perhaps some of you who read these lines may remember Dr. Emrich of Boston, a man of scholarship and devotion and of blessed memory. Early in my studies for the ministry, I remember how my father used to enjoy meeting him in Boston, for he had always just discovered some new light from a text or been pondering some new truth from the Scriptures. Life to him was always fresh and thrilling, and being a messenger of the Lord never failed to renew his mind or light up his face. Just to see him coming was to realize that believing means joying, that God's truth's best form is that of happiness. How this man sent out his arrows and his light! How enthusiasm ever burned within him. He was persuasive mostly because you knew that being a Christian to him was the happiest and most joyous and most thrilling experience in living.

Sometimes this joy comes first through a walk through the valley of suffering and sorrow, when, like Job, we feel that "the arrows of the Almighty are within me." Indeed we have times also when we would say with the Psalmist (11:2): "The wicked bend their bow, they make ready their arrow upon the string, that they may privily shoot at the upright in heart."

With the writer of Psalm 38:2 we very likely have also said: "For thine arrows stick fast in me, and thy hand presseth me sore."

Christian theology without joy and hope is self-contradictory. Modern Christian discipleship without the testimony of the shining heart is meaningless and flat.

He who speaks and preaches with a shining face wins more than arguments and builds more than church memberships. He who has translated Christianity in his own life into joy and blessedness has the key to the translation of the sadness and evil and materialism of our times into the very glory of the kingdom of God upon earth. If we would drive out evil, we must first drive out hopelessness and sadness. The only rational theology that appeals to us today is that in creating and ordering the world, as He has, God has done something about which He can be happy. No profession of belief will long seem adequate to us today if there is no joy and peace in the process. Upon the face of the Most High there must in spite of all rest a smile, and the wisdom of the ages is encompassed in the happy life.

The Preacher As a Primary Producer

The Rev. Graham R. Hodges
Ticonderoga, N. Y.

A PRIMARY producer, according to the economists, is a person who changes the raw materials provided by Nature into forms usable by human beings.

Thus, a miner who digs coal from the earth provides heat for our homes. A farmer who plows, plants, and harvests wheat is transforming the elements of the soil and air into the bread on our tables.

Such primary producing, though aided now by intricate machinery, still involves muscles, sweat, and sometimes blood. So essential are these producers and so successful have they been in the last century that they are elevated in the human mind above other workers who wear white collars and push pencils.

Marxism is not the only doctrine which glorifies the primary producer. A carpenter makes more today in a week than some school teachers make in a month. This, in a non-Marxist nation, America. Without detracting in the least from the

glory of the farmer, miner, and lobster fisherman, we can say in fairness, that the service professions have not held their own in public esteem.

The public regard for some "service professions" is all too well illustrated by my own six-year-old son's attitude. When asked what he was going to do when "he grew up," he replied: "Be a minister. You only work one day a week and you're through."

Ministers are concerned here, for they are often classed among those who do no useful function, but live on the sweat and toil of the workers. So true was this in certain European nations, of course, that the Church and its clergy are under the heel of "workers' governments."

If the minister is true to his calling, though, he is a primary producer in the highest sense. And society is beginning to recognize that the finding and application of spiritual truth is the one thing that will save us from our mastery of Nature by the practical men.

Digging a ditch to lay a sewer is easy compared to digging spiritual truth from the Scriptures and transforming it into a form understood and acceptable to the ditch digger.

Running a tractor in a cornfield gets tiresome after ten hours. But it is no more difficult than planning a youth fellowship which will bring out the riches latent in undeveloped young people.

Digging a shaft for an iron mine involves engineering skill and hard work. But is it as difficult as bringing a congregation to see the joy of spreading Christ's Good News through our Christian World Mission? Or is it any more practical, or as practical, in the long run?

Milking cows twice a day so that city dwellers may have milk can get monotonous after a few years. I know, for I used to do it. But does it involve more anguish of soul than enlisting and training lay leaders to do God's work?

Fishing in the deep ocean involves dangers not dreamed of by the "land lubber." But is it more arduous than seeking in the realm of the spirit for God's message to man and putting this message in palatable form? Is it more daring than venturing into the realm of Prayer, "whose rim no foot has trod"?

Yes, the preacher is a primary producer, or should be. Of course, if he has a second-hand religion never really his own, if he uses prepared sermons instead of searching for his own in the inestimable riches of the Bible, if his own life displays no more spiritual depth than the world's—then he is truly nothing more than a hack, a server up of platitudes.

When Jesus emerged from a night of prayer and did "miracles" of healing, was not he putting into a very useful form the spiritual resources he knew his Father afforded. They still lie about us—rich fields, gold mines, unsearchable and inexhaustible treasures waiting for God's men to tap and develop. Famished humanity waits.

I Pledge Allegiance

The Rev. Williston Wirt
Berkeley, Calif.

THE burning of an American flag by presumably intelligent college students in a South American "neighbor" republic is hard for us to understand. To us the flag of our native land is a symbol of all that is most precious and desirable.

As the unanticipated result of World War II the United States has emerged as the richest and most powerful nation on earth. Inevitably, it seems, that arouses envy, jealousy and fear among smaller and less advantaged peoples. The *U. S. News* magazine states: "The

United States is pictured abroad as a bungling, meddlesome giant, trying to run the world." And it predicts: "Anti-Americanism will grow in popularity almost everywhere." (*U. S. News*, July 2, 1954.)

Under these circumstances we ordinary citizens should have the greatest sympathy for our national leaders, who are confronted by this vexing outlook. In the play "Green Pastures" by Marc Connelly there is a famous line spoken by the Lord Jehovah. "Even being God," he observes wistfully, "ain't no bed of roses!" Being a diplomat these days, or a government scientist, or a Senator or Cabinet Member, has many drawbacks. So much so that many able and talented men are refusing to accept Government service because of the criticism and mud-slinging that seems unavoidable. Even being President these days—President of the richest and most powerful nation on earth—"ain't no bed of roses."

If any American deserves our prayers just now, it is the man in the White House. We all ought to consider what a super-human job we have placed on his shoulders—that of providing world leadership with one hand, and dispensing party politics with the other. It is a man-killing assignment to be in the spotlight not only of America, but of the whole world, every hour of the day, every day of the week, every week of the year, so that every slight remark you make is weighed for its possible innuendoes; every smile or frown is interpreted as an indication of the state of the world; every decision you make is combed over minutely by news commentators, who claim to find veiled meanings both in what you do, and in what you fail to do.

And yet withal, we Americans are to a tremendous degree dependent upon the character of the occupant of the White House. A recent book by a high Naval Officer develops the thesis that Pearl Harbor was deliberately and intentionally provoked by President Franklin D. Roosevelt. I read the proof that he offered. I came to the conclusion that whether you believe this charge is true or not depends upon your own personal estimate of President Roosevelt's character.

I

By and large the United States has had outstanding Presidents. The genius of our political system has worked exceedingly well, and we have had few weak Presidents. But in this age of supersonic speeds and atomic dangers a weak President, or a rash and truculent one —a President who acts without full comprehension of the grave responsibilities he bears—in short, a President who does not have great character, great moral concern, great ability to rise above carping and bickering and the maneuverings of self-promoting opportunists, will not suffice the demands of our national destiny.

Completely serene days of unimperiled liberty are probably not to be anticipated in your lifetime and mine. So long as Communism can convince colonialized or underprivileged peoples that they are being exploited by the so-called free world, there will be unrest and misunderstanding and pressure to overturn the status quo by revolution rather than evolution.

We had better be fully aware of this. We had better be ultra careful to elect men of *character* as our political leaders —men who place principle above party —men who pledge allegiance to the United States of America and its unity, rather than to some section or segment of it which they represent.

Moreover we had better elect men who recognize that from now on the destiny of our country is inextricably bound up in the welfare of all humanity—all peoples and all nations. Three hundred years ago John Donne observed that "no man is an island." Today science has made it impossible for any one nation to exist in full self-sufficiency. So rapidly has this change come about that the majority of nations and peoples have not grasped its reality.

This may be over-simplification, but does it not appear that nationalism has today become an obsession with many of the peoples of the earth, *just at the point in history when the atom's unlocked secrets have made selfish nationalism impossible?* Nationalism erects a fence about a portion of the earth's surface, and dares all and sundry to climb it. But the accelerated development of science has rendered nationalism's fences obsolete.

II

It began with medicine. It began as men found that disease germs refuse to respect national boundaries! Disease is international, and the medical profession recognizes no barriers of nationality or economic status or racial prejudice when dealing with the common threat of disease.

It continued with the development of the airplane. Airplanes laugh at man-made fences . . . and boundaries . . . even at oceans! Pilots are internationalists—they are global minded. At 500 miles per hour they have to be!

Next came the radio. If you happen to have a neighbor or friend who is a "radio ham" you know how global-minded he is! His voice wanders the free spaces without let or hindrance, and he is quite apt to be better acquainted with someone in Valpariso or Perth than he is with his neighbor just across the street.

And now comes the Atomic Age. Who brought it into being? Einstein, a German-Jew. Cockroft, an Englishman. Fermi, an Italian. Teller, a German. Compton and Oppenheimer, Americans. Thus it is utterly true, as Wendell Wilkie discovered—this is One World, Indivisible. You can't carve it up into unconnected parts. Patriotism, as Edith Cavell maintained—Patriotism is not enough. Her exact words were, just before being shot by the Germans for aiding English POW's to escape to their homeland: "I see that Patriotism is not enough. I must die without hatred or bitterness toward anyone."

Do you remember when trouble down in Central America was considered a joke? Just some crazy natives popping off down there in Nicaragua—the U. S. Marines will take care of them in short order. That is the way we Americans felt, back in the late 1920's and early 1930's. And that pretty much the way most Americans felt when trouble was first reported far across the Pacific, in Manchuria. Just some local disturbance. Nothing for us to worry about. Nothing worth taking our minds off the tight baseball pennant race, or the Louis-Schmeling heavyweight bout.

But that is all changed now. "Local trouble" in Korea has proved beyond any shadow of doubt that isolation is impossible. We are all bound together as a human race, and we cannot any longer remain indifferent to, or untouched by another people's interests and welfare, anywhere in the world.

But let's be clear about this—Science didn't bring this about. Science didn't destroy an efficiently ordered arrangement of national hegemonies, racial prejudices, colonial exploitations! There is only one basic reason why social schemes that deny the brotherhood of man break apart and crumble in ruin. That is, because it is contrary to essential reality! It is contrary to God's will! It is contrary to the nature of God's intent and purpose! We read in our scriptures: "God that made the world, and all things therein . . . hath made of one blood all nations for to dwell on the face of the earth . . . for in Him we live and move and have our being."

This is the essence of our Christian belief, and every aspect of human experience bears it out. Every new discovery, every new development, every new achievement simply underscores the truth that humanity is *one family* and that from now on man-made barriers, man-made prejudices that deny this truth are obsolete delusions.

Yes, this is the Christian gospel or good news. This is the truth Jesus was crucified for maintaining and proclaim-

ing—that under God, all men are brothers. Under God, we are all of one blood. In the sight of God, all men exist as co-equals.

As a citizen of this "sweet land of liberty," I gladly and proudly pledge my allegiance to the United States of America. I pledge to do my utmost and give my all, to uphold and defend the Constitution and Bill of Rights. But as a child of God, I see clearly that Patriotism is not enough. As a citizen of the Kingdom of God, I perceive that the welfare of each nation is dependent upon the welfare of all nations. I see that no man is an island unto himself. None of us liveth unto himself alone. Each of us and all of us are bound up inescapably in the welfare of the whole human race. Just as Paul pointed out; "God works through different men in different ways. But it is the same God who achieves his purposes through them all. . . . For the body is not one member, but many. And if one member suffers, all the other members suffer with it. If one member is honored, all the members share the common joy." (Phillips: Letters to Young Churches.)

Let Edwin Markham pledge this higher allegiance for us:

Of all things beautiful and good,
Life's final star is Brotherhood;
For it will bring again to Earth
Her long-lost Poesy and Mirth . . .
And till it comes we men are slaves,
And travel downward to the dust of graves.

Come, clear the way, then, clear the way:
Blind creeds and kings have had their day.
Break the dead branches from the path:
Our hope is in the aftermath—
Our hope is in heroic men,
Star-led to build the world again.

To this even the ages ran:
Make way for Brotherhood—make way for man.

Concerning Our Dealings With Time

The Editor

IT seems quite impossible to make a QUARTERLY contemporary with the dominant interests at the date of its publication. It is always later than the editor thinks. A QUARTERLY, therefore, must be contemporary with the more enduring meanings and values. Even so it cannot eventually escape the doom of being dated; any rereading of old QUARTERLIES or even MONTHLIES reveal how much that once channeled thought has drained into vaster confluences and become a part, now difficult to recover, of the general current of history. The other day we here in Pennsylvania, along with most of the United States, changed from "day-light saving" to "standard time." It was, after all, apparently only a transaction with the dials of our watches and clocks. Next morning it was six instead of seven o'clock, and we adjusted our doings accordingly. Actually it should have shaken the solar system, but nothing happened except that it seemed to grow dark sooner. The sun rose and set according to its own schedule and the alterations of dawn and dusk needed only changed chronological notations—like our railway time tables. But the cosmic order went on unchanged.

The Old Testament records two seemingly similar events. The sun and moon stood still over the Valley of Ajalon to give Joshua enough daylight to finish his defeat of the Amorites. This really

should have dislocated the solar system, but there is no record of it save in the vivid and ingenious imagination of a fairly recent writer accorded space in a popular monthly, who sought thereby to explain significant geological and astronomical phenomena. His fellow scientists did not find his conclusions convincing. The shadow of Hezekiah's sun dial was turned back ten degrees as a witness that, being repentant, he would recover from his illness. Hezekiah recovered but there is no record of consequent dislocation in our solar system—only in legend and poetry.

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Nevertheless, the mysteries and meanings of time attend the shifting of the hands on clocks and watches. We have grown so used to our accepted measures of time that they are routine and habit, but time is anything but simple. The editor does not know what Aristotle said about time—if he said anything, but Immanuel Kant changed all our thoughts about it, and philosophers, astronomers, and psychologists have made it still more complicated. Time, said Kant in substance, is a framework into which, of mental necessity, we set and relate the sequence of experience. It is a way of the mind with life. Since Kant time has undergone many examinations, and there are, we are told, many measurements of it besides the phases of the moon and the circuits of the sun. Einstein has reduced its relative ways to mathematical formulæ which to most of us are far more mysterious than the face of our clocks, though it would seem to us that it takes time to move through space which is as near a practical relativity as we shall ever attain.

They say that life keeps different records with time and amongst other things, our changing senses of its movements—whether swift or slow—are as though we walked beside an always flowing stream. In youth our energies and eagerness seek to outrun the current of the river, which moves too slowly for our dreams, desires, and imaginations. In our more mature years we walk beside it with a pace timed to its current, and we have an assuring sense of time. As we grow older the currents of time outrun our slow pace and it goes all too quickly. The editor does not know, but he does remember from his boyhood how long a summer afternoon could be—and now—! Perhaps after all time is only the currents of the evanescent set against the background of eternity. For, said Koheleth, the preacher, we have eternity in our hearts.

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Preaching also is subject to the laws of relativity; the relation of the here and now to the enduring. The proper balance between these two factors in a sermon is the secret of its appeal and power. Creative preaching must be supported by the authority of Christian truth and faith, and in some phase of it touch the contemporaneous with light and power. Here techniques differ. Shall we begin with "Here and Now" and end with the truths and principles which are as nearly as anything can be, timeless, or shall we begin with governing truths and principles and bring them to bear upon some contemporaneous matter of burning interest to the congregation so finally carrying it up to some high level of faith and truth? Possibly the first method gets the attention and interest of the congregation at once. The second method may lift a sermon to high altitudes. The editor thinks that with exceptions the first method has evoked the most appealing—the second the greater preaching.

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But now specifically what can a preacher say of time beyond the commonplace exhortations to treasure it and spend it wisely? To begin with he can try to teach the impatient with what slowness great movements mature, and how much time is needed for the resolutions which date epochs in history.

And of this history itself furnishes manifold illustrations. Just now the question of racial segregation, for one example. It has been a burning question with different degrees of heat during our entire national history—what passions are still left is relatively an after glow of much more ardent fires of fear and prejudice. Very likely it will still need a pretty long generation to fully end racial prejudices so long in gestation and kept alive by die-hard agitators. The prejudices and intolerances engendered by the Reformation, are by no means ended. The alienation between our "South" and "North" linger on. Great issues move slowly toward their final adjustments—they need time.

Preaching can suggest, therefore, the need and significance of ample perspective. Individually we do not easily or quickly grasp the significance of our own experiences, and then for the most part only in retrospect. It is, therefore, so much the harder to see great social and political movements steadily, and whole. It is the office of the historian to help us toward that vision though few of them perfectly accomplished it, only after time has done its quiet and clarifying work. It will be a long, long time before either the biographers, the historians, and the moralists can say any final word about the terribly embattled movements of the last half century. Perspective demands patience—and this the preacher may stress.

Time is also the final adjudicator. It says the final word, and perhaps its most significant service is to reveal the forces and laws with which the victorious issue of contested causes finally rests. This is perhaps its most significant service, and its demonstration is that the triumph of contested causes in contested fields rests with goodness and good will and St. Paul's trilogies of the enduring: Faith, hope, and love; each qualifying and supporting the other. This has always been the Prophets' message—in the end, love and goodness will possess the field. They are God's agents, and their way is his way. The over-coming forces which time has hereto revealed are moral forces. They are the undergirding of God's moral order. Just now one of the crucial and devisive questions in contemporaneous theological thought is whether there is time enough for the normal processes of history in all their complexities and delays to achieve a Christian order. The crises theology doubts this and expects some divine intervention. This expectation takes many forms. Historically, the dominant form is what is known as the Second coming of Christ, for which there is New Testament authority, but interpreting this in preaching terms many of us do not find ourselves at home.

Preaching must be a vision of power working beyond our temporal pattern, and issues beyond the hills of time which promise completion to the unfinished here and now. Christian faith in immortality has for the most part supplied that hope—that "there are other heights in other lives, God willing." Meanwhile, Christian preaching may address itself to the enthronement of Christian forces amongst us.

Time has so many seasons and so many calendars—as this is being written its passage is registered in the leaves which begin to drift down. They have served their purpose and begin to add themselves to the wealth of soil out of which in season other leaves will bud —entries on the calendar of time.

The churches have their calendars of Saints and memories, and have added of late their calendars of civil and historical events. By November all our churches will be deep in the programs of their several and joint activities. Rightly enough as the yield of the year are housed, we are asked to remember it all in one of the oldest festivals on any calendar—the festival of Thanksgiving and praise for the ripened year and all its fruits, whether gathered from our fields or our souls, for the brief passing days and the love and goodness of which they are the servants and ministers.